

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
Copyright, 1899, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



JUST RETURNED FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

"AND WHAT WAS YOUR GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN YOUR MISSIONARY WORK?"  
"LACK OF AMMUNITION."

# LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY ANNOUNCES

NOW READY

**PREDICAMENTS:** By Evan Louis Shipman, Author of "D'Arcy of the Guards," "Urban Dialogues," etc. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr. Cloth and gold. Pp. 153, 6¼ x 4½. Retail, \$1.00.

**THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.** Containing the completed series of the famous Pipp drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, together with forty new and heretofore unpublished drawings, showing Mr. Gibson's sense of beauty and his sense of humor at their very best. Uniform with "Drawings by C. D. Gibson," "Pictures of People" and "Sketches and Cartoons." Large folio 12 x 18 inches, bound in Japan vellum with white vellum back, and striking new cover design. Price, \$5.00.

READY ABOUT NOVEMBER 15.

**COONTOWN'S 400.** Thirty humorous plates by E. W. Kemble, the well-known delineator of darky life. Buff cloth with cover design in black and red. Plated paper, 9 x 11. Retail, \$2.00.

**MYTHOLOGY FOR MODERNS.** An Up-to-Date Text Book for Up-to-Date Students. By James S. Metcalfe. Illustrations by C. D. Gibson, F. G. Atwood, Oliver Herford, A. Brennan, A. D. Blashfield, "Chip," and Charles Howard Johnson. Cloth, cover design in blue. 150 pp. 5 x 7. Retail, \$1.00.

## \*\*\* CALENDARS \*\*\*

READY ABOUT NOVEMBER 15.

**THE GIBSON CALENDAR FOR 1900.** Thirteen sheets, heavy plated board, 11 x 14, in box. Each month's calendar in red and black with appropriate drawing by Charles Dana Gibson. Retail, \$2.00.

READY ABOUT NOVEMBER 25.

**THE OUT-OF-DOOR CALENDAR FOR 1900.** Handsomely printed in red and black on rough-finished, deckle-edge paper. Cover design and twelve drawings of scenes characteristic of the months by A. D. Blashfield. Separate leaves, 11 x 14. Retail, \$1.00.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 19 W. 31st Street, New York City.

### In ART qualities

The **BARRIE** editions of Balzac, the supreme novelist of the century, are admittedly the best examples issued, and have no equal in the world.

The **TEXT** is printed on paper of super-fine quality from type made especially for these editions.

*Engravings, printed on Japan paper, by*

FAIVRE, LOS RIOS, OUDART, LE SUEUR,  
JEANNIN, DEBLOIS, NARGOT,  
MONGIN, GAUJEAN, DECISY, ETC.,

*After drawings by*

ADRIEN-MOREAU, TOUDOUZE, CORTAZZO,  
ROBAUDI, VIDAL, FOURNIER,  
CAIN, BUSSIÈRE, ETC.

The plates, prepared especially for this edition by the best French water-color painters (who are the most capable of illustrating Balzac), are unequalled; they are printed on Japan paper of the best quality in the highest style of art, and are liberally distributed through the pages.



Reduction of a drawing illustrating the works of Balzac, published and copyrighted, 1899, by George Barrie & Son.

COPYRIGHT FOR GREAT BRITAIN BY JAMES HENDERSON  
UNDER THE ACT OF 1891.

## The Art of Letter Writing

may be acquired, but will be marred or made by the paper one uses. The fine correspondence papers made by the *Whiting Paper Company* can be relied upon at all times. The name of the *Whiting Paper Company* on a box is a guarantee of excellence.

Tell your Stationer you want *Whiting's*; see that the name is on the box. Take no other.

## WHITING PAPER CO.

DESIGNERS OF ART STATIONERY  
NEW YORK

### In LITERARY qualities

M. W. HAZELTINE, in *N. Y. Sun*, says:

"**ADMIRABLY PRINTED AND ILLUSTRATED.** THIS IS **NEITHER ABRIDGED NOR EXPURGATED**, AND IS THE ONLY **ENGLISH VERSION** WHICH MAY CLAIM TO PRESENT **EVERYTHING** CONTAINED IN THE **EDITION DEFINITIVE** BROUGHT OUT IN PARIS."

### THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITION

"There is only one way to understand Balzac, and that is to read his works and to read them consecutively. Then the whole of the structure gradually looms up before the eye like a vast cathedral. To read a novel here and there from his pen is like trying to understand and appreciate the pyramids by examining a sample stone. Balzac's work stands or falls in its entirety. He himself indicated this when he arranged his *Édition Définitive*."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Full information, specimen pages, etc., will be promptly furnished by publishers.

## GEORGÉ BARRIE & SO

1313 WALNUT STREET. PHILADELPHIA

# •LIFE•

## All I Ask.

**N** ECESSITIES I do not crave;  
Give me my proper meed,  
And let me have, my whole life long,  
The things I do not need.

Permit me not to toe the mark;—  
Be ever prim and true,  
But rather, let me do the things  
That I ought not to do.

Should vile temptations strew my path,  
No weapon may I wield  
To ward them off. To them may I  
With resignation yield.

And when I shuffle off this coil  
The world will say: "Amen.  
His aspirations, after all,  
Were just like other men."

## From California.

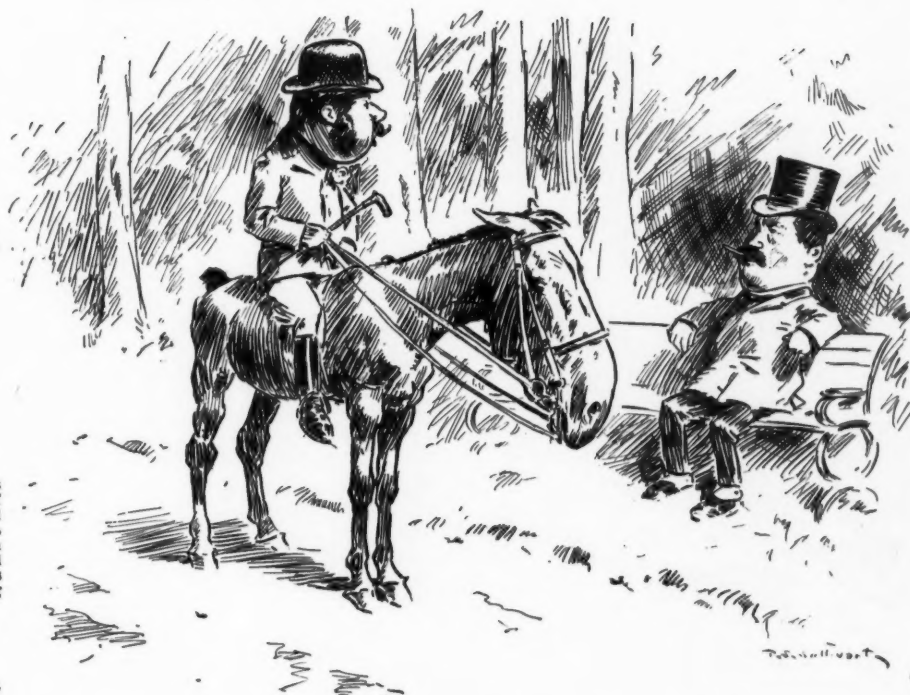
**N**O one who reads it ever has to ask "Is LIFE worth living?" The wittiest of weeklies, it is also a stalwart for good citizenship and humanity. It is never a skulker, never an opportunist, never an apologist. Its high standards of morals and manners, its courage and the quality of its edge have made it a class by itself among the "humorous papers" of the world.

—Sunshine.

Thanks, neighbor.

**M**ABLE: Would you marry a man who had been refused?

**DOLLY:** If he were rich and the refusing had been by the insurance companies,



*The Pedestrian:* YOU KEEP A HORSE! WHY, I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO THRIFTY.

"OH, YES. I DEPOSIT REGULARLY IN THE SAVINGS BANK ALL THE MONEY I BORROW FROM MY FRIENDS."

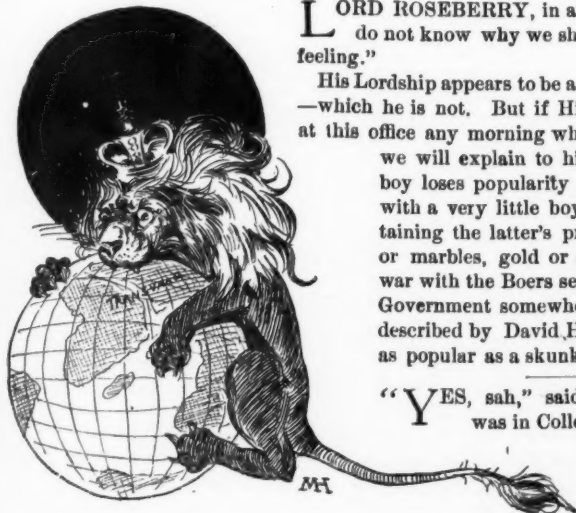
## No Mystery.

**L**ORD ROSEBERRY, in a recent speech, said, "I do not know why we should attract so much ill feeling."

His Lordship appears to be a singularly simple person—which he is not. But if His Lordship will drop in at this office any morning when we are not too busy, we will explain to him why it is that a big boy loses popularity when he picks a quarrel with a very little boy for the purpose of obtaining the latter's property, be it jackknife or marbles, gold or diamonds. In fact this war with the Boers seems to bring the British Government somewhere in line with the man described by David Harum, who was "about as popular as a skunk in a hen-house."

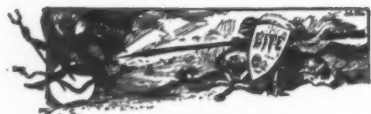
"**Y**ES, sah," said the Colonel, "when I was in College, sah, I worked more and drank more than any man in my class, b'Jove! Since then the proportion has—

ah—been changing; and is now somewhat in favor of drink. But I work some, I work some!"



*The Butterfly:* NO FAIR CATCHING ME NOW. THIS IS GOAL!





"While there is Life there's Hope."

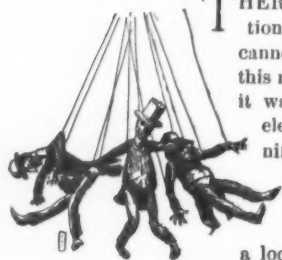
VOL. XXXIV. NOVEMBER 16, 1899. No. 886.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 1¢ cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



THERE has been an election the results of which cannot be reviewed in this number of LIFE, but it was not much of an election, and the significance of its results promises to be hard to settle. Everywhere it was,

a local election into which national issues either did not enter at all, or entered in so confused a way as not to be fairly tested by results. A good many dissatisfied persons have been feeling that an election which should yield such results as would be most advantageous to the country would be one that would effectually withdraw William McKinley and W. J. Bryan from the consideration of future presidential conventions, abate in some measure the excessive din of Governor Roosevelt's gospel of strenuosity, and put hoops on the doctrine of expansion. However the recent election has gone it will take a skilful interpreter to read any of these results in its returns, though if Ohio has gone Democratic and Nebraska and Kentucky Republican, it will not help the future presidential chances of either McKinley or Bryan.

Bryan is so hopelessly identified with free silver coinage and sundry other fatuities that it would be a great relief to see the Democratic leadership pass away from him and into better hands. But there might be a change which would be no advantage, for a good many Democrats who have little patience with some of his doctrines still maintain that he is a man

of convictions and patriotism, and that it would involve serious moral loss to have his leadership pass to a Croker, a Goebel, a McLean, or even to an astute politician like Gorman.

As for the Major, he will not be brought before the judgment seat for six months yet, and in that time a good deal of luck may come his way. The report of the Philippines Commission is the most helpful document he has received since Secretary Alger sent in his resignation. It tells us a great deal that we wanted to know and tells it pretty clearly. It justifies in great measure both our intentions and our actions in the Philippines, and will help to put a great many readers on better terms with their consciences. The report will carry weight because Admiral Dewey and Dr. Schurman have put their names to it. The other Commissioners are doubtless also good men, but the Admiral especially is a tower of strength just now to any policy that he consents to indorse.



IF our brethren in Great Britain think the Americans are entirely on their side in their fight with the Boers, they delude themselves. It is probable that there has never been in America so strong a sentiment of kinship with the British as there is to-day, but that does not make us blind partisans of the Queen's Government in any fight it may undertake with any people. It only makes us friendly critics instead of hostile ones of any detail of British policy we question or disapprove. There never was so little twisting of the lion's tail in the American newspapers as now. We simply look upon England's course in South Africa with the same dubious attention that we have bestowed on the course of our own Administration in the Philippines. Both countries are very far away, and we have not all been sure that we fully understood the rights of the dispute in either, but as to the South African mêlée, we feel at least this, that if might is to make right, we can afford to wait a little to see whose might is most effectual before we declare whose right is most to be respected. We confess that when the Boers succeed in pulling one or two of the lion's teeth as they did at Ladysmith, though it interests

us mightily, we feel neither anguish nor exultation, but regard it simply as a strong argument advanced by Boers in support of their claim that they ought to be allowed to run their country in their own way. When the British win some considerable advantage, as they doubtless will presently, we shall regard that as an argument on their side. Surely we are entitled to watch the debate before reaching our conclusion. Moreover, we suspect that a considerable continuance of the discussion may not be a bad thing for those concerned, even though it involves a large expenditure of energy and many details of pain and loss that we deplore. There are results that ought not to be achieved too early, even though they are good. This combat in the Transvaal is proceeding according to the rules for such disputes. There has been no gouging or brutality, and such constancy and courage has been shown on both sides as to make us proud to remember that between both disputants and ourselves there exists a tie of blood. Indeed, they may well be proud of one another, and it may be they are. It is true that the English newspapers attribute the Boer scoop at Ladysmith to the treachery of the British mules and believe that these obstinate creatures have a natural sympathy with Dutchmen, but we must not pay too much respect to that, for stampeding the other fellow's mules is part of the game of war, and entitled to credit when successfully done. We did not lay it to ill-luck when Aguinaldo's typhoon drowned three hundred patriot mules of ours, every one of which was known to be in complete sympathy with General Otis. We merely put it down as an argument for Aguinaldo. So our cousins must do about the mules that withdrew their powder at Ladysmith.



IF we are to be quite fair towards the strenuous life, we must put down to offset the men who are permanently injured this fall in football, the case of the Yale professor who was caught the other day in a pitiable offense and turned out to have become demented from overstudy. It happens so sometimes. This poor man was valedictorian of his class at Yale.



NOT TO BLAME.

*The Elderly Lady:* THEY SAY HIS WIFE HAS MONEY.

"WELL, THAT ISN'T HIS FAULT. THEY'VE ONLY BEEN MARRIED A SHORT TIME."

## BOOKISHNESS

### The Story of an Indiana Town.

**B**OOTH TARKINGTON has picked up the thread of Indiana fiction, which has been lost since the days of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Riley has made the Hoosier very real in his verses, but otherwise the energy of Indiana has gone into commercial enterprise, mostly good, and politics, mostly bad—very bad!

In "The Gentleman from Indiana" (Doubleday) Mr. Tarkington has put an interesting new town—Plattville—on the map of fiction. It is farther east than the famous "Story of a Country Town," and it is a bigger town, and the inhabitants are more given to human kindness. But it is off the main line, and sleepy, and slow. The people have abundant time to be eccentric. The hot and dusty Main Street, the Court-house yard where chickens and pigs congregate with the town loafers, the Palace Hotel, and the local newspaper are the centres of life and activity. The minor personages of the story, who flit about the Square and make up the visible life of the town, are particularly well drawn. The eccentricities are never forced in a literary way. *Schofield's Henry*, *Tom Martin* and *Eph Watts* are real Middle State village types. The author has not borrowed them from New England fiction, but picked them out of the Court-house yard. They are tinged with the lazy good-nature of the South, but they have the Yankee edge on their tongues, which reveals the mingling of the two streams of immigration.

**A**NOTHER thing which the author has done well is to reproduce the mood of a young man between twenty and thirty in his first tussle with the problem of making a living. He is a manly fellow, who buckles down to the realities of Plattville and forgets his dreams. He worked patiently at the thing nearest at hand—he did his level best, and mourned a little in secret that he was a disappointment to his college admirers; but he was hammering out a bit of his ideal, while he thought he was simply welding scrap-iron. That is a good, healthy type of hero. In a New England story he would have had grand and gloomy thoughts, and discoursed on philosophy with his only "intellectual equal" in the town, and he would have made lofty fun of the "villagers"; but eventually he would have inherited money from an unexpected aunt, which would have enabled him to marry a super-refined creature and spend the rest of his days in Europe.

But Mr. Tarkington's hero works out his own salvation, with the assistance of a most attractive girl. The heroine did some impossible journalistic feats with the newspaper while the editor was sick, but we can forgive her that. She is altogether charming, and the love-making in the book is delightful, and, moreover, it seems to be practicable. So little love-making in fiction is practicable.

"Aren't they good, dear people?" asks the heroine at the end of the story, and the hero says, "*The beautiful people!*"—and that is the key to the charm of the novel. They are average Americans living in average surroundings, under rather unlovely material conditions—and yet they are "good, dear people."

The country has millions like them, proud of their villages, laughing at each other, helping each other along, doing their daily work (or as little of it as possible)—but all of them helping to make a fine, hopeful American type.

Of course there is the other side to it, and Mr. Tarkington has shown the result of vicious ignorance in the White Caps. The



RELATIVE VALUES OF SOME FEATURES OF THE HORSE SHOW.

melodramatic interest which the White Caps engender is no doubt the thing that carries the story in a popular way, but the best features in the book are outside of that. The author's literary attractiveness is in his gentle humor, his delicate sentiment, and his vivid narration. The home-coming of "The Great Harkless" stirs the blood, and you want to cheer with the people when the train pulls in at the station.

*Droch.*

### A Sly Dig.

**M**RS. HENPECK: No doubt the ancients were considered wise because there were fewer temptations in those days.

HENPECK: Why, my dear, the proportion of women in the world must have been about the same.

**P**OST-GRADUATE: If I were an under-graduate like you, I would enlist against these Boers.

UNDER-GRADUATE: Possibly if you did enlist you might, after the first battle, be an under-graduate yourself.



### An Anglo-American Relief Ship.

THE project of the American women in England to equip and send out a hospital ship to South Africa must commend itself to Americans, to whichever side in the Transvaal war their sympathies incline. Most of us are rather anxious neutrals in our attitude to that war. We look on with the liveliest interest, but with conflicting emotions. We could not fight on either side, but there is nothing in our sympathy for the Boers that would hinder us from binding up the wounds of the British if we got a chance, nor *vice versa*. There are plenty of Americans who would be glad to help send a hospital ship to the Boers, if the Boers had a port, and such a thing was possible. It is not, for they have no port; but we can help these ladies in London with their ship, and let's do it. Lady Randolph Churchill is the chairman of their committee, which includes Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Paget, Mrs. Van Duzer and other women of American birth. They are raising one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to send a ship with stores, equipments and room sufficient to

take care of two hundred sick people for three months. Fifty thousand persons, men, women and children, are refugees from the scene of war and are gathered at Cape Town, Durban and Delagoa Bay. The senders of this ship have needs of these refugees in mind as well as the care of the wounded.

LIFE has been requested by the London committee to receive American subscriptions to defray the expenses of this ship, and will acknowledge and forward all sums that may be sent to it.

### A Welcome Change.

MRS. HENPECK: I don't see how you could marry again if I should die, for before we were married you used to say there was not another woman in the world like me.

HENPECK: That is just what might induce me to take another wife.



ANOTHER "MAN WITH THE WHOA."

### The Coming Season.

THESE are days when Major J. B. Pond's lecture lyceum knows no rest. War may show its horrid front and kings totter on their throne, but the foreign celebrity and the domestic home-brewed lecturer are pruning themselves before the looking-glass just the same, preparing for the season's harvest.

Let us glance at a list of coming attractions, that we may know what is in store for us.

We note that our old friend Hall Caine will visit us once more. Discarding the coarse locomotion of the ocean steamer, he will spread his whiskers after the holidays and fly over. When our Christmas gifts have been distributed, our Christmas dinner digested, and we are settling down once more to humdrum life, Hall Caine will come to cheer our hearts, adorn our morals and lighten our pocketbooks. He will, as usual, read from his own works. His latest conspiracy against us is entitled "Home, Sweet Home. An unpublished, spoken novel." He will read it in installments, from eight to twelve every night, and every victim will be given a souvenir alarm clock.

Max O'Rell is also coming. We note that his lectures are on England and America, but, alas! he will tell us nothing about his own country. Why doesn't the Major



Virgil, to Dante: AND HERE WE HAVE THE RAG-TIME COMPOSER, EVERLASTINGLY CONDEMNED TO LISTEN TO HIS OWN MUSIC ON THE PHONOGRAPH.



O M PAUL

urge him to extend his bill of fare, and get him to talk to us on the Honor of France?

And now we have sad news. The most careful examination of the Major's prospectus fails to mention Ian Maclaren. Have we deserved this of you, Major Pond? Persuade him to come if possible. Offer him ten per cent. more, and he will surely be with us, cheering us by his presence and raising the moral standard of the whole country.

It must not be supposed, however, that, because the Major makes a specialty of foreign celebrities, the home market is allowed to go to waste. Scouts from the Everett House are sent out daily, and any author, scientist or specialist, who can speak

above a whisper and has been advertised, is tracked to his lair.

Although no respecter of persons, it must not be presumed that the Major is not particular in some respects. His long residence in Jersey City has made him a stickler for etiquette, as witness what he says about Hamilton Mabie:

"As an orator he is popular in the same sense as Everett, . . . in his quiet intensity and refinement of appearance on the platform he belongs to the same school."

It is a relief to know this. If Mr. Mabie should appear in pink tights, or should romp about the stage, walk on his hands, or behave in other unbecoming ways, we should all be shocked. We are led to believe, however, that he appears in evening dress and behaves in the usual manner.

And now let the good work go on! We warn the Major, however, that we shall be grievously disappointed if he does not surprise us, before the season is over, with some foreign celebrity hitherto unknown.

The American public is waiting, with money in its pocket, to be hoodwinked in the usual manner.

We are accustomed to making fools of ourselves, and we hope the Major is not going to fail us this year.

#### How Our Fathers Taught.

A WESTERN man was on a visit to his Eastern cousin, and his host was entertaining him by showing the family heirlooms.

"See this old gun," he said. "It taught me my first lesson in arithmetic."

"How?" his guest asked, curiously.

"It's dead easy. Guess."

"Father promise to let you shoot it on your next birthday?"

"No."

"Point it at your head, if you didn't count correctly?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Shoot you through your left ear?"

"No; we do not believe in pierced ears."

"Then I give it up," the Westerner said, with a deep sigh.

"Oh," his cousin replied, repressing a broad grin, "he laid the gun away, and used the ramrod."



OXIDE OF IRON.





DON'T BLAME THE GRIPMAN. HE IS ONLY OBEYING ORDERS.



Copyright, 1909, by Life Publishing Co.

A SENSELESS AFTER-  
SO THINKS THE YOUNG MAN WHO MUST LISTEN TO HER



ESS AFTER-DINNER CUSTOM.

UST LISTEN TO HER FATHER'S FRIENDS DURING THE NEXT HOUR.





### A Detective Discovery.



**M**R. SHERLOCK GILLETTE has very successfully detected one fact. That is that it is a good thing to be simultaneously and successfully an actor, author, and stage manager. In the first place he is able, by means of the combination, to unite two salaries and the royalties of the playwright in his own pocket. Next, as author he enjoys the advantage of knowing exactly the capabilities and limitations of the star who is to enact the leading character. As actor he has an author who is in full sympathy with his artistic cravings and who is perfectly willing to give him all the good lines and telling situations in the piece. As stage manager he can please the author with just the settings he wants and delight the actor by giving him full possession of the lime-light and the center of the stage. We can imagine no more blissful foundation for a thoroughly enjoyable mutual admiration society than the one composed of Mr. Gillette, the actor, Mr. Gillette, the stage manager, and Mr. Gillette, the dramatist. Its sessions should be peaceful, and there should be no word of dissension among its members.



**M**R. GILLETTE, as author, has taken the main idea contained in the detective stories of A. Conan Doyle and put it into dramatic form. This idea is, of course, *Sherlock Holmes*, the inductive philosopher, who makes his philosophy profitable by using it in the private detective business. He is not the despicable private detective of real life who makes his living by working for jealous wives and husbands, but is a very high and mighty person who takes only complicated cases, in which he is invariably successful. His rare powers of induction are shown

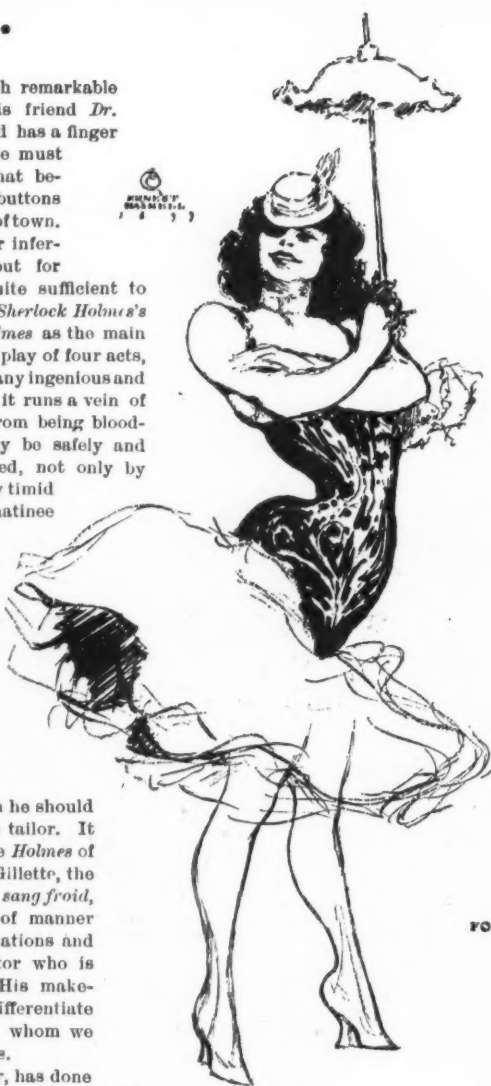
right out on the stage by such remarkable inferences as that because his friend *Dr. Watson* smells of iodoform and has a finger stained with nitrate of silver, he must be practicing medicine, and that because one of *Watson's* waistcoat buttons is missing, his wife must be out of town. Of course there might be other inferences from these premises, but for dramatic purposes they are quite sufficient to show the unfailing accuracy of *Sherlock Holmes's* marvelous methods. With *Holmes* as the main topic, Mr. Gillette has written a play of four acts, intensely melodramatic, with many ingenious and thrilling situations. Through it runs a vein of levity which saves the piece from being blood-curdling, and, therefore, it may be safely and with real amusement witnessed, not only by hardened, adult men, but also by timid women, young children, and matinee girls. For the benefit of the last-mentioned class and in deference to the iron-bound tradition of the stage, Mr. Gillette has hitched on a love interest, which does not, however, seriously interfere with the merits of the piece as an absorbing thriller.

Mr. Gillette, the actor, has received from the hands of Mr. Gillette, the author, a part which suits him perfectly and for which he should be duly grateful to his dramatic tailor. It is also a fair reproduction of the *Holmes* of Conan Doyle. This gives Mr. Gillette, the actor, ample opportunity for the *sang froid*, deliberation and perfect ease of manner which characterize his impersonations and distinguish him from the actor who is always and evidently acting. His make-up and a change in his delivery differentiate him from the Mr. Gillette with whom we have been familiar in other plays.

Mr. Gillette, the stage manager, has done well for both author and actor. One device—for which we take it he is to be credited—is a vast improvement on the ordinary method of raising and lowering the curtain. The house and stage are in perfect darkness. The curtain is raised and the stage lights turned on afterwards, so that the stage picture is given to the eye of the spectator in its completeness instead of gradually as in the usual way.

The company is an efficient one and forms an excellent background of criminals, victims and minor detectives for the great *Sherlock*. An evening with Mr. Sherlock Gillette, who combines so many characters in one, will be found an absorbing antidote for the commonplace ills and monotony of everyday life.

**K**OSTER AND BIAL'S Music Hall certainly gives its patrons their money's



FOUCERH

worth in quantity. There is so much of the entertainment—something over four hours—that it would be a miracle if it kept uniformly to the high plane of vaudeville excellence it touches at times. There is ample opportunity for the blue pencil to get in its dreaded work, and with the elimination of a few comedians who are not funny and a great deal of talk of the same kind, the show will be the best of its kind in New York. The bill contains a really excellent burlesque of "*Becky Sharp*" by Mr. Clay Greene with Miss Etta Butler in a close and remarkably clever imitation of Mrs. Fiske. Barring the conventional scantiness of feminine apparel the performance is a clean one, and is recommended to country clergymen who wish to see the allurements of the Tenderloin without exposing themselves to its perils. *Metcalfe.*



"DE LESSON DIS MAWNIN' WILL BE FROM DE POPE CHAPTAH OF OOM PAUL'S PISTOL TO DE PHILIPPINES."



### "Special" to the "Times."

#### Newport Society Notes.

Special to The New York Times.

NEWPORT, R. I.—Dwight Bramin has gone to New York for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Miss Josephine Johnson and Miss Anna Stone returned from New York this evening.

**Y**ES, and so did Allie Green return to her home in South Pumpkins. And perhaps Hal Gompers is still keeping store at Bunkum Centre; but who cares? If Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Bramin, Jr., want to come home, why shouldn't they?

And whose business is it if Elisha

Dwight insists on abscenting himself for a day or two?

These practical jokes of *The New York Times* on its readers are not funny: they are not instructive; but they are distinctly mischievous from inviting ridicule to the people whose names are so untiringly advertised. The first victim to be considered, however, is the unsuspecting purchaser of *The New York Times* who finds himself reading this sort of stuff.

**O**HIO is bound to have a representative in the White House. Which may have something to do with the recently announced engagement of a certain charming widow to an equally gallant admiral.

**C**HOLLY: What is the difference between a man who lives at his mother's, and one who has intermittent rheumatism.

**TOLLY:** One is well all the time and has rooms at his mother's—the other is well sometimes and has rheumatism others.

**V**ACCINATION is so generally accepted in this part of the world as one of the greatest boons we owe to medicine, that a great many persons are wholly ignorant of its dangers and suppose that what little opposition there may be to it comes exclusively from cranks. The city of Newburg, on the Hudson, seems to be on the road to fuller knowledge. A newspaper dispatch from there on October 24 told of the death of a child from lockjaw succeeding vaccination. Another on October 27 told of four more children dangerously ill from poisoning resulting from vaccination. All these children were vaccinated to comply with the requirements of school trustees. Vaccination may be a good thing for those who want it, and are willing to take their own risks, but it is hazardous enough to make the compulsory vaccination of school children in ordinary times, with fatal results, a fit matter for consideration by coroners' juries.

**H**E is a rarely magnanimous man who, when he has injured you, doesn't lay it up against you.

FREE  
LUNCH  
TODAY



"SELF-HELP" BY SAMUEL SMILES.

**His Reason.**

"HENPECKED! Nay, never!"  
 He stoutly said.  
 "Should that happen ever,  
 I'd rather be dead.  
 "My wife never taunts me;  
 My mind's not in thrall;  
 I do as she wants me,  
 To keep peace, that's all."

**He Knew the Trouble.**

NODD: I don't know what this country is coming to.

Todd: What do you mean?

N.: Politically speaking.

T.: Corruption I suppose you refer to.

N.: Yes, sir, I do. It's getting worse and worse. The fact is, the unscrupulous are getting the upper hand. It's boss rule. It's a trade.

T.: What are you going to do about it?

N.: Do! That's the point. The trouble lies with the decent element. Excuse me for seeming personal, but it's men like you who are responsible for the awful corruption of to-day.

T.: Why? How?

N.: You don't take any interest in your country. You ought to be running for office. It's a sacred duty, sir, imposed upon every upright citizen.

T.: I don't know but you are right.

N.: Of course I'm right. Our present condition is due to a lamentable apathy. It's a shame.

T. (warming up): So it is! By the way, who are you going to vote for? (Cooling down). Vote! By Jove, that reminds me. I forgot to register.



"On the road to Mandalay,  
 "Where the flyin'-fishes play."



POKER TERM.  
 A STACK OF YELLOW.

MAGAZINE EDITOR: So you think it is a great improvement to use these tail-pieces?

FRIEND: Yes. They do away with the quatrains you used to print.

TWO men were seen the other day soberly discussing whether President Eliot, of Harvard, is not the biggest American of his day. The idea will be absolutely novel to the average observer, yet it is not unworthy of the consideration of persons who like to consider such things. Dr. Eliot has come to be a highly imposing figure of a man. The group of living Americans in which he is outclassed would be exceedingly select. It might include, if it included anyone, Mr. Reed, late of Maine, Mr. Cleveland, Admiral Dewey, of course, and——. Who are the other great ones? Edson? Roosevelt? Hoar? It is hard to compare men of different trades, and, no doubt, it is unprofitable, too, but Dr. Eliot is an effectual force, and you have to put out a good deal of tape when you take his measure.

He said the other day, at the inauguration of Miss Hazard, the new President of Wellesley, that the higher education of women was still an experiment. Bold man! The higher-educated women are indignant at his presumption and have been railing at him ever since with a great clamor, but as yet the earth refuses to swallow him, and there are even those who feel that if he said the higher education for women is still an experiment, probably it is. What he says about education is very sure to go.





LIFE'S ALBUM OF FRIENDSHIPS.  
GENERALS OTIS AND AGUINALDO.

### The Right of Way.

**T**HEY had never been known before to be on terms of the slightest civility, but this certain hour they met in the turning of a Long Thought, and not being able to pass each other gracefully without yielding the right of way, stopped to argue the matter out.

"It is this way," said Her Mind. "You are one of those persons who think the highest wisdom is to do a foolish thing. You can never resist the temptation to bite into the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and you are just as ready to howl when you find it bitter."

"All fruit is not bitter," said Her Heart. "And at any rate, this particular apple is very ripe and rosy to look at."

"To look at!" snarled Her Mind. "You must acknowledge that you take chances."

"Oh, surely," acquiesced Her Heart cheerfully. "But when one begins to feel hungry—"

"You are longing to repeat a very bad, old bargain," scolded Her Mind, "and sell your birthright for a poor meal."

"Pottage is not so bad when it is flavored properly," said Her Heart thoughtfully.

"But what is to become of me?" said Her Mind. "You and I are the opposing ends of a see-saw. You go up—I go down. That is the law."

"You've been up so long," said Her Heart, "that you're a trifle dizzy. It's my turn now, and besides I'm tired of sitting on the ground."

"You're a fool!" cried Her Mind.

"No doubt," assented Her Heart. "There-in lies my strength. Really, you had better let me pass."

"Think!" cried Her Mind.

"I don't want to," said Her Heart.

"Consider!" said Her Mind.

"I can't," said Her Heart.

"Be wise!" cried Her Mind.

"What's that?" said Her Heart.

For a moment there was a tussle on the Highway. Her Heart and Her Mind strove valiantly for foothold on the narrow pass. Then Her Heart, little by little, overcame and conquered, and Her Mind stood sulkily aside to let the victor pass.

"Really, I must apologize for my roughness," said Her Heart, blithely. "but you must have known that when it came to an actual conflict between us, I was sure to have the best of it," and Her Heart sang cheerily as it turned the corner of the Long Thought.

*Theodosia Pickering Garrison.*

**A**NOTHER young fellow has lost his life while in process of initiation to a secret society at Cornell. We are told that it was purely an accident and no one was to blame. That seems only partly true. The young man was drowned, and it was not contemplated by his friends who had him in charge that he should get into the water at all. But he was absolutely under the orders of his guardians, and the responsibility for his safety lay with them. College boys, like other persons, learn by experience. The trouble is that every four years the whole undergraduate group changes, and the teachings of any particular experience, however bitter, grow faint.



A SIX SHOOTER.



CYCLING COMEDY.

Callow curate, cycling, calling,  
 Courting coy Clarissa comes.  
 Consternation! carriage crawling,  
 Captain Corker! Crikey! Crumbs!  
 Coachman, calling, crying, chiding;  
 Coasting cleric cannot clear;  
 Crash colossal, clean colliding,  
 Checking cleric's crazed career.  
 Caleb Corker, coinless captain,  
 Carelessly Clarissa calls,  
 Coarsely cursing charging chaplain,  
 Called contemptuously "Chawles."  
 Calm Clarissa comes condoling,  
 Censures Caleb's contumely;  
 Curate's crimson cuts consoling,  
 Comforts "Chawles" consumedly.  
 Captain Corker circumvented,  
 Creeps crestfallen, can't compete;  
 Claris cheerful, "Chawles" contented.  
 Consummation, cure complete.

—London Truth.

JUDGE WYLIK, for years one of the most prominent figures upon the district bench, is still living in Washington, and, although he has passed by more than a decade the limit of threescore and ten, he still loves to hear and tell a good story. Only the other day he was relating to an appreciative audience tales of his prowess at hunting deer in the Pohick woods at the time when that region abounded in game.

"What, you hunt deer at Pohick, Judge?" asked one of his auditors, himself a mighty hunter. "Why, if I were a Pohick deer and should meet you unexpectedly in the woods, I would fly to your arms for protection."—Baltimore News.

"BEAUTIFUL, my dear."

The elderly millionaire who had married the famous beauty regarded the watch-chain admiringly.

"A very delightful birthday present," he continued, beaming upon his fair young wife. "So massive, and yet in such excellent taste."

"I am so glad you like it," she observed. "It was so cheap, too. Just think, it cost only fifteen dollars."

"Only fifteen dollars!" echoed the millionaire in astonishment. "Fifteen dollars for this solid gold chain!"

"Oh, of course it isn't solid gold," she interposed. "You could never get a solid gold chain for that price."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, gold filled, to be sure."

"I see," said her husband, stroking his chin reflectively.

"But why this sudden streak of economy? Don't you think I can afford a solid gold chain?"

"Of course you can," she assented, "but this one is guaranteed to last for ten years, and—and—"

"Well," said the millionaire, inquiringly.

"Well, dear," she concluded, after some hesitation, "as that is quite as long as you are likely to live, I thought it would be foolish extravagance to pay any more."

—Woman's Home Companion.

THE Christian Scientist was not able to cure my stomach ache and my cold; but the horse doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have everything its own way.

The horse doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him; in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar a fracture.

"Nothing exists but mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary check, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

—Mark Twain in The Cosmopolitan.

ONE of the applicants for a consulate in Japan, while James G. Blaine was Secretary of State, was the late Samuel Kimberley, of Baltimore, who died in the service in Central America. After he had presented his credentials, Mr. Blaine said:

"I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberley, but I have made it a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of the country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?"

"Cert-t-ainly, Mr. Blaine," stammered Mr. Kimberley; "a-a-ask me s-s-something in J-J-Japanese and I'll a-a-a-answer you."

Mr. Blaine had not a word to say, but the Japanese post went to another man, all the same, and Kimberley went to Central America.

One day Kimberley met a young woman, who threw her arms impulsively around his neck and kissed him. Seeing her mistake, she drew back and angrily asked:

"Aren't you Mr. Jones?"

"N-no-no, madam," replied Kimberley, bowing, "I'm n-n-not, but I w-w-wish to thunder I w-w-was."—A gonaut.

A PROMINENT San Josean reached the Third Street depot of the Southern Pacific Company in an inebriated condition, and asked for "a first-class ticket, please."

"Where do you want to go?" said the ticket clerk, somewhat pointedly.

There was a pause, while the inebriated one muggily reflected, and then he blandly and politely asked:

"What trains have you?"—San Francisco Wave.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

**WILSON  
WHISKEY.**

**That's All!**

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
 Baltimore Md.

**Needful**  
 We take our whiskey as we  
 need it, but always like the  
 best.  
**Hunter**  
**Baltimore Rye**  
 IS  
 The Purest Type  
 of the  
 Purest Whiskey



WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

**THE CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER OF LIFE**

This issue will contain a large double page illustration and other drawings by C. D. GIBSON, whose exclusive services belong to LIFE.

The cover, to be printed in colors, will be designed by G. MAXFIELD PARRISH. There will be a prize story in this number entitled "The Princess' Stepmother," by TUDOR JENKS and DUFFIELD OSBORNE, and illustrated by C. ALLAN GILBERT in his most effective and striking manner.

The array of contributors in this special number of LIFE will not be equaled by any periodical in the world. Among many others may be mentioned E. S. MARTIN, ROBERT BRIDGES, AGNES REPLIER, JAS. S. METCALFE, TOM MASSON, MARGUERITE MERRINGTON, M. E. W., MADELINE S. BRIDGES, CAROLYN WELLS, and KATE MASTERSON.

Advertising orders and copy for this issue should be sent in early, in order to get good positions and have plenty of time to have proofs revised.

is now being prepared, and the announcements of high-class business houses are solicited for its advertising pages. This is an extra issue, consisting of forty or more pages of up-to-date illustrations and letterpress. No advertisement will be accepted occupying less than one-quarter page. The price is \$75 for one-quarter page, \$150 for half page, and \$300 for full page.

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

19 WEST 31st STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Arnold  
Constable & Co.

Ladies' Cloths.

Golf and Bicycle Cloth Suitings.

Cheviots, Venetians, Mixtures

Men's Overcoatings.

Covert Cloths, Tweeds, Trouserings.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.



Redfern  
Corsets

FRENCH GORED - SOLID WHALEBONE  
SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

**RARITANIA**

"FULL-FASHIONED" HOSIERY is a trade expression and means that it is knit so as to fit the foot and leg like a glove, leaving no seams to annoy nor creases to blister.

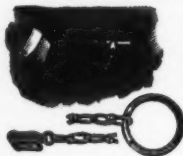
RARITANIA HOSIERY is "Full-Fashioned," fine in texture, fast dyed, and strong, a delight to all who wear it, and costs no more than other hosiery of similar quality. All high-class dealers have it. Not sold at mill.

Each package has a label bearing the word "RARITANIA," of which the heading of this advertisement is a facsimile. The name is also on each pair of hose.

NORFOLK & NEW BRUNSWICK HOSIERY CO., - New Brunswick, N. J.

**FULL FASHIONED  
HOSIERY**

**DON'T LEAVE YOUR KEYS**



In the front door. Fasten them to the pocket or waistband with a key chain secured by the Improved Washburne Patent Fastener. Slips on easily, grips like grim death; don't tear the fabric; released instantly. By mail, 25c. Catalogue of other novelties free.

American Ring Co.,  
Box 58. Waterbury, Conn.

*Tired but cannot sleep:—  
A glass before retiring—of*

**JOHANN HOFF'S  
MALT EXTRACT —**

*Gives Refreshing Slumber.*

**4711 WHITE ROSE  
GLYCERINE SOAP**

Transparent as crystal. The perfect cleansing properties and absolute purity, as well as the refined and delicate perfume of this toilet soap, have placed it at the apex of all.

SOLD UNIVERSALLY. SAMPLE CASE 16 CENTS.  
MÜLHENS & KROPPF, U. S. AGENTS, NEW YORK

**THE PRUDENTIAL**

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

**"Life Insurance"**

It has been said, "is a mere matter of dollars and sense." Common sense and good business judgment both dictate that protection should be provided for individual, domestic and partnership interests.

Write for information.

**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.  
OF AMERICA.**

John F. Dryden, Pres. Home Office, Newark, N. J.

**LEARN TO  
DRAW**

By Mail or in a Reliable School. Turn your talent to account. Write for "THE TRAINING OF AN ILLUSTRATOR," by F. Holmes of the Chicago Daily News. Address: THE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, 715 Athenaeum Bld'g, Chicago, Ill.

**PHOTOS FROM LIFE.** Model-studies for painters and sculptors; beauties, stereoscopic. Only original photos! Price List, with 100 miniatures and 2 cabinet size photos, \$1.00. Note or stamps. S. RECKNAGEL, Nachfolger, Publishers, Munich, Germany. I. Briedbach.



THE BUNKO MAN.  
The bunko man has funny ways ;  
He lies in wait for foolish J's ;  
He takes their X's and their V's  
With gentle grace and greatest ease.  
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FAIR LADY,  
If you have any doubt as to the value of telephone service in your own house ask the New York Telephone Company, by mail or telephone, for a copy of "A Modern Convert." After reading it you will be another. Perhaps you were not aware that telephone service for a year may now be had in New York for the price of a modest tailor-made gown.

"You are bitter enough on the trusts now," spoke up a man in the audience, "but I happen to know that you belonged to one for several years."

"I did, my fellow-citizens!" thundered the orator: "but when I became fully awake to the enormity of the thing, I did my best to crush that trust. I sold my factories to that trust my fellow-citizens, for twice what they were worth, in cash!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.  
Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

TIRED TOOTSTRONG: Madam, will you please help a poor, homeless man out of his troubles?

MADAM (who was raised in the backwoods): Certainly! Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an axe?  
—*Norristown Herald.*

THAT LITTLE BOOK  
"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

"Yes," said the benevolent man, "I thank heaven for my happy disposition. I am satisfied with what the day brings forth, and quickly forget the pain and trouble that have passed."

"Ah!" replied the physician, "that explains your over-looking my little bill."—*Catho. & Standard and Times.*

HOTEL THORNDIKE, BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens.  
Ladies traveling alone will find its accommodations homelike and comfortable. European plan.

APPLICANT: How many servants do you keep?  
MISTRESS: Three.

"And where do you live?"  
"Oh, we don't mind moving to anywhere you may want to go!"—*Judy.*

"You can't keep a secret, Marie."  
"Yes, I can; but I always happen to tell things to other girls who can't."—*Chicago Record.*

SPEAKING of a good Champagne brings in mind Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. The wine that sparkles.

"As for Esterhazy," said the eminent citizen with the red nose, "we shall welcome him to the American lecture platform with the best brand of eggs that our hens can lay."  
—*Verdict.*

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA.  
The following interview appeared in the New York *Evening Sun*, September 26th:

"The Archbishop," said Dewey, with another of those quiet smiles, "is the gentleman who declared that the Spanish fleet would wipe the scum of the earth off the face of the sea, when the Spaniards heard that we were on our way to Manila. Well, the Archbishop became a good friend of mine, and I remember very distinctly one day when he turned to me and, pointing to the crew mustered forward, said, 'Admiral, you must be a proud man to have command of such a fine body of men and know that they respect and love you.'"

"I answered that our ship was only one of many where the crews were made up of just the same fine chaps. The Archbishop then said, with every show of feeling, 'Admiral, they are not the scum of the earth. Those men are the pick of the earth. I have seen many ships, but I have never seen what is shown to me on this American warship.'"

Prominent naval authorities say that officers and men aboard our warships are subjected to the most trying changes of climate, and Purchasing officers should obtain for them the celebrated Dr. Jaeger's Sanatory Underwear, as they will find it indispensable in promoting the good health of their crews, as it guards against the injurious effects of dampness and sudden climatic changes.

When you do drink,  
Drink Trimble."  
Green Label.

# Trimble Whiskey

The Green Label means it's 10 years old. A Pure Rye Whiskey. Foremost for over half a century and still the leader.

Ask for the Green Label.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phil. and N. Y.  
Sole Proprietors. Established 1793.

A comfortable chair  
An open fire, a

# Nestor Cigarette

Give Instant  
Relief

JOHNSON'S  
DIGESTIVE  
TABLETS.

THE Keeley Alcohol, Opium,  
Cure Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.  
BUFFALO, N. Y.  
LEXINGTON, MASS.  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Purify the Blood,  
Cure Blisters, Im-  
prove Complexion.  
10 cents—25 cents.

## THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH



"Concert," \$100

Buy an Edison Phonograph for the Family's Christmas. It will entertain your guests while it pleases you and amuses the children—and it lasts the year 'round. All popular, standard or classical music played by the best bands and orchestras or instrumental and vocal soloists, besides the amusing and pathetic sketches of the recitationist and the stirring words of the orator, are yours to command when you have an Edison Phonograph.

Many styles—from \$7.50 up. All use the same records and give equal results, but are run by different styles of motors, which vary the cost. Our new Catalogue can be obtained from any phonograph dealer.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT  
THIS TRADE  
Thomas A. Edison  
MARK

National Phonograph Co., New York

## COLLAR BUTTON INSURANCE

GIVEN WITH EVERY



# KREMENTZ One-Piece Collar Button

Made of One Piece of Metal  
Without Seam or Joint.....

You get a new one without charge in case of accident of any kind. Best for ladies' shirt waists and children's dresses. The Story of a Collar Button gives all particulars. Postal us for it. All jewelers sell Krementz buttons.

KREMENTZ & CO., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.

## LIFE BINDER,

CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

Will Hold 26 Numbers.

Mailed to any part of the United States for \$1.00.

Address Office of "LIFE,"  
19 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



Absolutely Reliable Always

# Remington Typewriter

STANDS THE TEST OF CONSTANT SERVICE

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict  
327 Broadway, New York

# The Independent

\$2.00 A Year.

*"It prints more contributions from the ablest writers than any other paper in the United States."*

## A FEW CONTRIBUTORS SINCE LAST JUNE:

EDWARD EVERETT HALE  
BRIG.-GEN. LEONARD WOOD  
PROF. CESARE LOMBROSO  
ANDREW D. WHITE  
WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.  
POSTMASTER GEN. C. E. SMITH  
MAJ.-GEN. GUY V. HENRY  
LLOYD OSBOURNE  
PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB  
HON. WM. T. HARRIS  
PRES. JAMES B. ANGELL  
EX-SENATOR GEO. F. EDMUNDS  
GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET  
HENRY JAMES  
PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

SENATOR ALLISON  
COUNT TOLSTOI  
I. ZANGWILL  
WM. T. STEAD  
WM. J. BRYAN  
SECRETARY GAGE  
PROF. J. R. S. STERRITT  
PROF. THEO. S. WOOLSEY  
EVERETT P. WHEELER  
MRS. L. B. WALFORD  
SENATOR O. H. PLATT  
SENATOR WM. E. CHANDLER  
PROF. LESTER F. WARD  
DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS  
PRESIDENT SCHURMAN  
W. E. H. LECKY, M. P.

REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON  
THE EX-PRES'T OF HONDURAS  
EDMUND GOSSE  
CLARA BARTON  
SENATOR MORGAN  
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR  
ALBION W. TOURGEE  
MURAT HALSTEAD  
S. R. CROCKETT  
PROF. EDWARD W. BEMIS  
CONGRESSMAN R. R. HITT  
AGNES REPPLIER  
SIR GEORGE GOLDIE  
MARCELLA SEMBRICH  
HAMLIN GARLAND

## A FEW CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE:

PRES. DAVID STARR JORDAN  
JOSIAH FLYNT  
COUNTESS VON KROCKOW  
POET LAUREATE ALFRED AUSTIN  
MAURICE THOMPSON  
TUDOR JENKS  
JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL  
EX-MINISTER J. L. M. CURRY  
PROF. J. H. HYSLOP  
JOHN DREW  
DR. PARKHURST  
THE VICE PRES'T OF MEXICO

SENATOR HOAR  
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD  
MARION HARLAND  
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD  
W. E. NORRIS  
SARAH PIATT  
PRES. CHAS. F. THWING  
GOVERNOR HAZEN S. PINGREE  
FRANK R. STOCKTON  
DR. RICHARD S. STORRS  
PROF. BORDEN P. BOWNE  
THEODORE ROBERTS

H. K. CARROLL  
CY WARMAN  
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD  
JUSTIN MCCARTHY  
REV. N. D. HILLIS  
SEUMAS MCMANUS  
RAMON REYES LALA  
ALICE MORSE EARLE  
E. I. PRIME-STEVENSON  
ISABEL F. HAPGOOD  
GRACE D. LITCHFIELD  
WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.

THE INDEPENDENT is a weekly-newspaper magazine with over sixty pages of reading matter. Besides the contributed articles are departments of Editorials, Religion, Survey of the World, Book Reviews, Finance, Insurance, etc., etc. THE INDEPENDENT is made to appeal to the average intelligent man and keep him fully abreast of everything of importance in the whole world.

*Its editorial departments are as good as its contributed articles.*

## Send Postal for Free Specimen Copy.

THE INDEPENDENT, 130 Fulton Street, New York.

When writing to Advertisers please mention LIFE.



## Shade Won't Work-

Because it isn't mounted on  
THE IMPROVED  
**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLER.**

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.



## The Improved BOSTON GARTER

The Standard for  
Gentlemen.

ALWAYS EASY.

The Name "BOSTON  
GARTER" is stamped  
on every loop.

The  
*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never  
slips, tears nor unfastens.

Every Pair Warranted.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton  
5c. Mailed on receipt  
of price.

GEO. FROST CO.  
Makers  
Boston, Mass.

## Proofs of Original Drawings in LIFE.

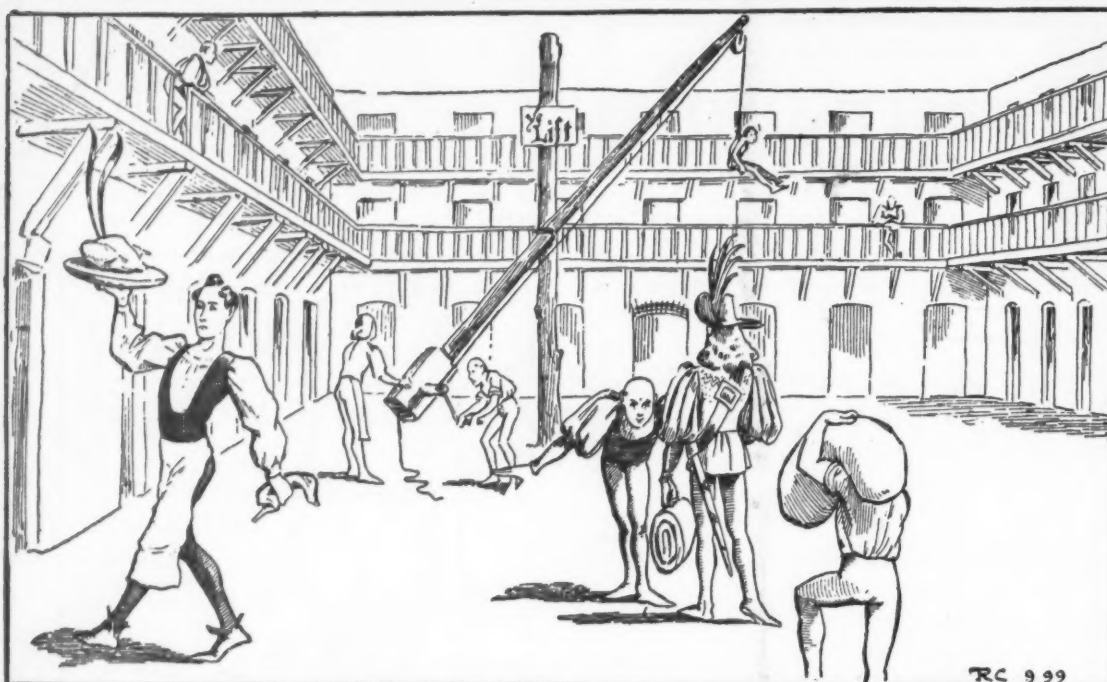
THESE proofs are hand-printed  
on Japanese tissue paper.

Large double-page Proofs, including transportation within one hundred miles of New York, \$2. Smaller proofs, \$1.

LIFE's Picture Gallery will be sent upon receipt of ten cents.

Life Publishing Company,  
19 West 31st Street,  
N. Y. City.

**Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Lumbago** ARE CURED BY USING ACID IN THE BATH. Our REMEDY CURES BY REMOVING THE ACID FROM THE BLOOD. PRICE 25 CENTS. BOTTLES 50 CENTS. DR. J. C. HENNING.



EARLY ENGLISH INVENTIONS.  
THE HOTEL.

RC 999

—Moonshine.

## The American Journal of Health

prints unsolicited:

"We have examined many brands of whiskey, among them some which are highly praised in the advertisements of the manufacturers, but the greater portion of these whiskeys fail upon analysis to support the extravagant claims made for them. We have had occasion recently to examine the Old Crow Rye whiskey bottled by H. B. Kirk & Company, of New York City, and found it to be what it is advertised to be, that is, absolutely pure, for not a trace of adulteration appeared."

Another quotation in next issue.

H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y., Agents for the Great Western Champagne.



She has a tooth for candy that is sure.  
She shows it in a way that's quite demure.  
It's her wisdom tooth you see,  
That is asking you and me,  
For another box of Whitman's good and pure.

### Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

are sold everywhere. Ask for them. Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,  
1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sent to any U. S. address prepaid

**100**

for Ten flat packets of ten each in neat wood box.

**\$1**

Money back if not pleased.

Size Four inches.

Long-leaf filler.

Hand-rolled they burn evenly.

Their flavor is delicate and rich.

**LUCKE'S ROLLS**

Made of a stock for 50 years controlled by Spanish export trade in Porto Rico. Secured by us for American consumption at 1-6th cost of Cuban leaf.

A most pleasing astonishment to any lover of a rich, tropical-flavored tobacco.

NOTE: "The Lucke Rolled Cigar" is a large full cigar-weight edition of this stock, selected. We send box of 50 for \$1.25. Goods guaranteed.

J. H. LUCKE & CO., 44 Lucke Block, Cincinnati, O.

## OLD OVERHOLT

High Standard Pennsylvania Pure Rye Whiskey. "Bottled in Bond" direct from the barrel at the Distillery.

## ROASTS

ARE GIVEN A MOST DELICATE AND APPETIZING RELISH, IF JUST TOUCHED UP A BIT WITH

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE

FOR SIXTY YEARS THIS SAUCE HAS GIVEN PERFECT SATISFACTION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS  
NEW YORK.

VISITORS TO THE  
**NEW YORK HORSE SHOW**  
WILL FIND SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS AT THE  
NEW FIREPROOF  
**HERALD SQUARE HOTEL,**  
34th Street, just west of Broadway,  
RESTAURANT A LA CARTE.  
C. F. WILDEY, PROP.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

# Wool Soap

## For Toilet and Bath

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago